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The Historie

OF ANE NOBIL AND WAILȝEAND SQVYER,

William Meldrum,

VMQVHYLE LAIRD OF CLEISCHE AND BYNNIS.

COMPYLIT BE

Sir Dauid Lyndesay of the Mont,

ALIAS,

Lyoun King of Armes.

H C

The Testament

OF THE SAID

46310

Williame Meldrum, Squyer,

COMPYLIT ALSWA BE

Sir Dauid Lyndesay, &c.

Cicero, Philip. 14.
Proprium sapientis est grata eorum virtutem memoria prosequi, qui pro Patria vitam profuderunt

Ovid, 2. Fast.
Et memorem famam, qui bene gessit habet.

IMPRENTIT AT EDINBVRGH,
BE HENRIE CHARTERIS.
ANNO M.D.XCIIII.
Cum Priuilegio Regali.

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QVHO that Antique Stories reidis
Considder may the famous deidis
Of our Nobill Progenitouris,
Quhilk suld, to vs, be richt mirrouris,
Thair verteous deidis to ensew,
And vicious leuing to eschew.
Sic Men bene put in memorie,
That deith suld not confound thair glorie.
Howbeit thair bodie bene absent,
Thair verteous deidis bene present:
Poetis, thair honour to auance,
Hes put thame in rememberance.
Sum wryt of preclair Conquerouris;
And sum, of vailȝeand Empriouris;
And sum, of Nobill Michtie Kingis,
That Royallie did reull thair Ringis;
And sum, of Campiounis and of Knichtis,
That bauldlie did defend thair richtis,
Quhilk vailȝeandlie did stand in stour,
For the defence of thair honour;

The famous gests of our noble forefathers instruct us to ensue virtue and to shun vice. Such men are justly memorized. Their good deeds survive; and poets remind us of them. Some poets write of conquerors; others, of royal personages; others, of champions and knights, strenuous for their right and honour;

others, of doughty squires;

others, still, of the history of lovers.

With the aid of Clio and Minerva, I purpose to descant of a bold squire, whom, and his private history, I tell of from what I know.

His youth he spent in love, pleasantly and without reproof. Also, he was as valiant as many another man sung by poets.

He should not be forgotten, looking to what he suffered for his lady's sake.

Sir Launcelot fought no better, and in a less worthy cause: for his lady was an adulteress; and he loved in the d.rk, like an owl.

And sum, of Squyeris douchtie deidis,
That wounders wrocht in weirlie weidis.
Sum wryt of deidis amorous;
As Chauceir wrait of Troilus,
How that he luiffit Cressida;
Of Iason and of Medea.
With help of Cleo, I intend,
Sa Minerue wald me Sapience send,
Ane Nobill Squyer to discryfe,
Quhais douchtines, during his Lyfe,
I knaw my self: thairof I wryte;
And all his deidis I dar indyte:
And secreitis, that I did not knaw,
That Nobill Squyer did me schaw.
Sa I intend, the best I can,
Descryue the deidis and the Man;
Quhais 3outh did occupie in lufe,
Full plesantlie, without reprufe;
Quhilk did as monie douchtie deidis
As monie ane that men of reidis,
Quhilkis Poetis puttis in Memorie,
For the exalting of thair glorie.
Quhairfoir, I think,—sa God me saif!—
He suld haue place amangis the laif,
That his hie honour suld not smure,
Considering quhat he did indure,
Oft times, for his Ladeis sake.
I wait, Sir Lancelote du lake,
Quhen he did lufe King Arthuris wyfe,
Faucht neuer better, with sword nor knyfe,
For his Ladie, in no battell;
Nor had not half so just querrell.
The veritie quha list declair,
His Lufe was ane Adulterair;
And durst not cum into hir sicht,
Bot, lyke ane Houlet, on the nicht.

With this Squyer it stude not so :
His Ladie luifit him, and no mo.
Husband nor Lemman had scho none ;
And so he had hir lufe alone.
I think it is no happie lyfe,
Ane Man to jaip his Maisteris wyfe,
As did Lancelote : this I conclude,
Of sic amour culd cum na gude.
Now to my purpois will I pas,
And shaw 3ow how the Squyer was :
Ane gentilman of Scotland borne ;
So was his Father him beforne ;
Of Nobilnes lineallie discendit,
Quhilks thair gude fame hes euer defendit.
Gude Williame Meldrum he was namit,—
Quhilk in his honour was neuer defamit,—
Stalwart and stout in euerie stryfe,
And borne within the Schyre of Fyfe ,
To Cleische and Bynnis richt Heritour,
Quhilk stude, for Lufe, in monie stour.
He was bot twentie 3eiris of age,
Quhen he began his Uassalage ;
Proportionat weill, of mid stature,
Feirie, and wicht, and micht indure ;
Ouirset with trauell, both nicht and day ;
Richt hardie baith in ernist and play ;
Blyith in countenance, richt fair of face,
And stude weill, ay, in his Ladies grace :
For he was wounder amiabill,
And, in all deidis, honorabill.
And ay his honour did auance,
In Ingland first, and syne in France.
And thair his manheid did assaill,
Under the Kingis greit Admirall,
Quhen the greit Nauie of Scotland
Passit to the sey, aganis Ingland.

Our Squire, contrariwise, was alone loved by his lady.

Unhappy was Launcelot's life; and no good could come of intrigue like his.

The Squire was born in Scotland; gentle, as was his father, and as were his fathers.

He was called William Meldrum; stout in quarrel;

born in Fifeshire;

and, for love, he fought often.

He began life at twenty, well-built, manly, endurant, restless, hearty, comely, and ever favourite with his lady.

He gained repute.

He signalized his prowess, when the Scottish navy set sail against England.

The Admiral of the fleet set fire to Craigfergus, sparing nothing.

And, as thay passit be Ireland Coist,
The Admirall gart land his Oist,
And set Craigfergus into Fyre,
And saifit nouther Barne nor Byre.

The people were spoliated, and fair women were trampled on.

It was greit pietie for to heir
Of the pepill the bailfull cheir,
And how the Land folk wer spuilȝeit;
Fair wemen vnderfute wer fuilȝeit.

But the Squire saved women, priests, and friars.

Bot this ȝoung Squyer, bauld and wicht,
Sauit all wemen, quhair he micht:
All Preistis and Freiris he did saue;

At last he heard a voice; he followed it; and he found a woman, stripped.

Till, at the last, he did persaue,
Behind ane Garding amiabill,
Ane womanis voce richt lamentabill;
And on that voce he followit fast,
Till he did see hir, at the last,
Spuilȝeit, naikit as scho was borne:

Two soldiers stood parting the plunder.

Twa men of weir wer hir beforne,—
Quhilk wer richt cruell men and kene,—
Partand the spuilȝie thame betwene.

She was of the fairest.

Ane fairer woman nor scho wes
He had not sene in onie place.

She implored him to help her, a maid.

Befoir him on hir kneis scho fell,
Sayand, for him that heryit Hell,
Help me, sweit Sir; I am ane Mayd.

He begged them to give back her shift, and keep the rest.

Than softlie to the men he said,
I pray ȝow giue againe hir sark,
And tak to ȝow all vther wark.

Gorgeous were her kirtle, garland, belt, and brooches; and her shift was of taffety, ornamented with gold and silk.

Hir Kirtill was of Scarlot reid;
Of gold ane garland of hir heid,
Decorit with Enamelyne;
Belt and Brochis of siluer fyne:
Of ȝallow Taftais wes hir sark,
Begaryit all with browderit wark,
Richt craftelie with gold and silk.

The lady

Than said the Ladie, quhyte as milk,

Except my sark, no thing I craue ; prayed for her
Let thame go hence, with all the laue. shift only.
Quod thay to hir : be Sanct Fillane, They refused to
Of this 3e get nathing agane. give it up.
Than said the Squyer, courteslie : The Squire
Gude Freindis, I pray 3ow hartfullie, requested
Gif 3e be worthie Men of Weir, them
Restoir to hir agane hir Geir ; to comply,
Or, be greit God that all hes wrocht, and added a
That spuil3ie salbe full deir bocht. threat.
Quod thay to him : we the defy, They defied him,
And drew thair swordis haistely, drew their
And straik at him with sa greit Ire, swords, and set
That from his Harnes flew the fyre ; upon him with
With duntis sa darflie on him dang, great fury.
That he was neuer in sic ane thrang. He returned the
Bot he him manfullie defendit, charge, struck
And with ane bolt on thame he bendit, one of them on
And hat the ane vpon the heid, the head, cleft it,
That to the ground he fell doun deid ; and felled him to
For to the teith he did him cleif, the ground.
Lat him ly thair with ane mischeif. Then he turned
Than, with the vther, hand for hand, to the other, a
He beit him with his birneist brand. powerful
The vther was baith stout and strang, ruffian,
And on the Squyer darflie dang. and had a hard
And than the Squyer wrocht greit wonder, fight,
Ay, till his sword did shaik in sunder. but drew a
Than drew he furth ane sharp dagair, dagger, plunged
And did him cleik be the Collair, it into his neck,
And euin in at the collerbane, and sent him
At the first straik, he hes him slane : reeling, slain.
He founderit fordward to the ground. Himself escaped
3it was the Squyer haill and sound ; unhurt, being
For quhy he was sa weill enarmit, well-armed.
He did escaip fra thame vnharmit.

The fellows despatched, he told the lady to take her clothes.

And, quhen he saw thay wer baith slane,
He to that Ladie past agane,
Quhair scho stude nakit on the bent,
And said: tak 3our abul3ement.

Thanking him, she put them on.

And scho him thankit, full humillie,
And put hir claithis on spedilie.

He kissed her, and took his leave.

Than kissit he that Ladie fair,
And tuik his leif at hir but mair.

All were to go to the ships.

Be that the Taburne and Trumpet blew,
And euerie man to shipburd drew.

She grieved to lose her rescuer,

That Ladie was dolent in hart,
From tyme scho saw he wald depart,

embraced him, and offered to marry him.

That hir releuit from hir harmes,
And hint the Squyer in hir armes,
And said: will 3e byde in this Land,
I sall 3ow tak to my Husband.

Though then in stress, she was, she told him, an heiress.

Thocht I be cassin, now, in cair,
I am, quod scho, my Fatheris Air,
The quhilk may spend, of pennies round,
Of 3eirlie Rent ane thowsand Pound.

She kissed him, inquiringly.

With that, hartlie scho did him kis.
Ar 3e, quod scho, content of this?

He pleaded that he must first go to France.

Of that, quod he, I wald be fane,
Gif I micht in this Realme remane:
Bot I mon, first, pas into France;

Returned, after war, he would gladly wed her.

Sa, quhen I cum agane, perchance,
And efter that the Peice be maid,
To marie 3ow I will be glaid.

He saluted and blessed her.

Fair weill! I may no langer tarie:
I pray God keip 3ow, & sweit sanct Marie.

She gave him a love-token, and would go to Scotland.

Than gaif scho him ane Lufe taking,
Ane riche Rubie set in ane Ring.
I am, quod scho, at 3our command,
With 3ow to pas into Scotland.

He thanked her, too young for the sea, with

I thank 3ow hartfullie, quod he:
3e ar ouir 3oung to saill the See,

And, speciallie, with Men of weir.
Of that, quod scho, tak ȝe na feir:
I sall me cleith in mennis clais,
And ga with ȝow quhair euir ȝe pleis.
Suld I not lufe him Paramour,
That saifit my Lyfe and my honour?
Ladie, I say ȝow, in certane,
ȝe sall haue lufe for lufe agane,
Trewlie, vnto my Lyfis end.
Fairweill! to God I ȝow commend.
With that, into his Boit he past,
And to the ship he rowit fast.
Thay weyit thair ankeris, and maid saill,—
This Nauie, with the Admirall,—
And landit in bauld Brytane.
This Admirall was Erle of Arrane,—
Quhilk was baith wyse and vailȝeand,
Of the blude Royall of Scotland,—
Accompanyit with monie ane Knicht,
Quhilk wer richt worthie men and wicht.
Amang the laif, this ȝoung Squyar
Was with him richt familiar;
And, throw his verteous diligence,
Of that Lord he gat sic credence,
That, quhen he did his courage ken,
Gaif him cure of fyue hundreth men,
Quhilkis wer to him obedient,
Reddie at his commandement.
It wer to lang for to declair
The douchtie deidis that he did thair.
Becaus he was sa courageous,
Ladies of him wes amorous.
He was ane Munȝeoun for ane Dame,
Meik, in Chalmer, lyk ane lame;
Bot, in the Feild, ane Campioun,
Rampand lyke ane wyld Lyoun;

soldiers.
She would go with him, dressed like a man.
She would love her deliverer.
He promises her his love for life,
says adieu, and makes for the ship.
They proceed, and land in Brittany.
under the Earl of Arran,
with whom were many stout fighters.
The young Squire stood so well with the Earl, for his courage, that he was made captain of five hundred.
He wrought bold deeds; and the ladies fancied him.
He was mild among dames, but formidable in the field.

He was deft with arms, open-handed beyond all, and lucky, but good, and so all-beloved.

Weill practikit with Speir and Scheild,
And with the formest in the Feild.
No Chiftane was, amangis thame all,
In expensis mair liberall;
In euerilk play he wan the pryse:
With that, he was verteous and wyse.
And so, becaus he was weill pruift,
With euerie man he was weill luifit.

Henry VIII. of England was at Calais, to fight France.

HARY the aucht, King of Ingland,
That tyme at Caleis wes lyand,
With his triumphant ordinance,
Makand weir on the Realme of France.

The French king, with his army, was hard by.

The two armies only skirmished.

The Squire lusted for real war, and selected a band to follow him.

The French king accepted the services of himself and company.

In the English host was a great champion, passing confident of his valour and might,

Master Talbart,

The King of France his greit armie
Lay neir hand by, in Picardie,
Quhair aither vther did assaill.
Howbeit, thair was na set battaill,
Bot thair wes daylie skirmishing,
Quhair men of armis brak monie sting.
Quhen to the Squyer Meldrum
Wer tauld thir Nouellis, all and sum,
He thocht he wald vesie the weiris,
And waillit furth ane hundreth Speiris,
And Futemen quhilk wer bauld & stout,
The maist worthie of all his rout.

Quhen he come to the King of France,
He wes sone put in ordinance;
Richt so was all his companie,
That on him waitit continuallie.
Thair was, into the Inglis Oist,
Ane Campioun that blew greit boist:
He was ane stout Man and ane strang,
Quhilk Oist wald, with his conduct, gang
Outthrow the greit Armie of France,
His valiantnes for to auance.
And Maister Talbart was his name,

Of Scottis & Frenche quhilk spak disdane ;
And, on his Bonnet, vsit to beir
Of Siluer fyne takinnis of weir :
And Proclamatiounis he gart mak,
That he wald, for his Ladies saik,
With any gentilman of France,
To fecht with him with Speir or Lance.
Bot no Frenche man, in all that Land,
With him durst battell, hand for hand.
Than, lyke ane Weiriour vailȝeand,
He enterit in the Scottis band.
And, quhen the Squyer Meldrum
Hard tell this Campioun wes cum,
Richt haistelie he past him till,
Demanding him quhat was his will.
Forsuith, I can find none, quod he,
On hors, nor fute, dar fecht with me.
Than, said he, it wer greit schame,
Without battell ȝe suld pas hame.
Thairfoir, to God I mak ane vow,
The morne my self sall fecht with ȝow,
Outher on Horsbak or on fute :
ȝour crakkis I count thame not ane cute.
I sall be fund into the Feild,
Armit, on Hors, with speir and Scheild.
Maister Talbart said : my gude Chyld,
It wer maist lyk that thow wer wyld.
Thow ar to ȝoung, and hes no micht
To fecht with me, that is so wicht :
To speik to me thow suld haue feir.
For I haue sic practik in weir,
That I wald not effeirit be
To mak debait aganis sic thre :
For I haue stand in monie stour,
And ay defendit my honour.
Thairfoir, my barne, I counsell the

disdainful of speech, and vain.

For his lady, he would engage with any gentleman of France.

The French dreaded him.

He visited the Scots.

Squire Meldrum accosted him, demanding his will.

He wished to fight.

He should be gratified ;

and the Squire would meet him on the morrow, mounted or on foot.

He would come mounted.

Master Talbart accounts him a stripling, and mad to think of such a thing,

and declares himself of courage to encounter with three such as he ;

for he had never been worsted.

The Squire had

better beware.
Meldrum, replying, reminds him how it fared with Goliath at the hands of David, piously trusts to win, and agrees to meet him the next morning, before ten.
He proposes the terms of victory.
Master Talbart consents; and they fix to meet.
Talbart scorns him proudly, rides off, and tells how a young Scot had undertaken to fight with him, foolishly.
His friends have their doubts.
He has none, and boasts that Meldrum will go home afoot, no match for him.
More doubts.
M. D'Aubigny.

Sic interprysis to let be.
Than said this Squyer to the Knicht:
I grant ȝe ar baith greit and wicht.
ȝoung Dauid was far les than I,
Quhen he with Golias, manfullie,
Withouttin outher Speir or Scheild,
He faucht, and slew him in the Feild.
I traist that God salbe my Gyde,
And giue me grace to stanche thy pryde.
Thocht thow be greit like Gowmakmorne,
Traist weill I sall ȝow meit the morne:
Beside Montruill, vpon the grene,
Befoir ten houris I salbe sene;
And, gif ȝe wyn me in the Feild.
Baith hors & Geir I sall ȝow ȝeild,
Sa that siclyke ȝe do to me.
That I sall do, be God, quod he,
And thairto I giue the my hand;
And swa, betwene thame, maid an Band,
That thay suld meit vpon the morne.
Bot Talbart maid at him bot Scorne,
Lychtlyand him with wordis of pryde;
Syne, hamewart to his Oist culd ryde.
And shew the Brethren of his Land,
How ane ȝoung Scot had tane on hand
To fecht with him beside Montruill:
Bot, I traist, he sall prufe the fuill.
Quod thay: the morne that sall we ken;
The Scottis ar haldin hardie men.
Quod he: I compt thame not ane cute;
He sall returne vpon his fute,
And leif with me his armour bricht;
For weill I wait he hes no micht,
On hors nor fute, to fecht with me.
Quod thay: the morne that sall we se.
Quhan to Monsour de Obenie

Reportit was the veritie,
How that the Squyer had tane on hand
To fecht with Talbart, hand for hand,
His greit courage he did commend;
Sine, haistelie did for him send.
And, quhen he come befoir the Lord,
The veritie he did record;
How, for the honour of Scotland,
That Battell he had tane on hand.
And, sen it giuis me in my hart,
Get I ane hors to tak my part,
My traist is sa in Goddis grace,
To leif him lyand in the place.
Howbeit he stalwart be, and stout,
My Lord, of him I haue no dout.
Than send the Lord out throw the Land,
And gat ane hundreth hors, fra hand:
To his presence he brocht in haist,
And bad the Squyer cheis him the best.
Of that the Squyer was rejoisit,
And cheisit the best, as he suppoisit,
And lap on him delyuerlie,—
Was neuer hors ran mair plesantlie,—
With Speir and sword at his command,
And was the best of all the Land.
He tuik his leif, and went to rest;
Syne, airlie in the morne him drest,
Wantonlie, in his weirlyke weid,
All weill enarmit, saif the heid.
He lap vpon his Cursour wicht,
And straucht him in his stirroppis richt.
His speir, and scheild, & helme wes borne
With Squyeris that raid him beforne.
Ane veluot Cap on heid he bair;
Ane quoif of gold, to heild his hair.
This Lord of him tuik sa greit Ioy,

hearing what the Squire had taken in hand,
commended his daring, and summoned him.
Meldrum had at heart the honour of Scotland.
If duly horsed, he would humble Talbart, of whom he had no fear.
A hundred horses were soon produced, for him to choose from.
The Squire, delighted, selected a charger, and mounted him.
The next day he was up early, and donned his armour, but with his head exposed,
and leaped on his horse.
Squires attended him.
His cap and coif.
By favour

He was provided with a right honourable escort.

His escatcheon and caparison.

He sets off, amid warlike music,

Mars-like.

Talbart, too, was up betimes,

and was at once ready for business.

He feared not Meldrum.

He related, much ashamed, a dream he had dreamed.

An otter, from the sea, rode at him, attacked him, bit him till he bled, and dragged him from his horse.

What could it mean?

Dreams were nothing.

He should go arm, and show his

That he him self wald him conuoy :
With him ane hundreth men of Armes,
That thair suld no man do him harmes.
The Squyer buir, into his scheild,
Ane Otter in ane siluer Feild.
His hors was bairdit full richelie,
Couerit with Satyne Cramesie.
Than fordward raid this Campioun,
With sound of Trumpet and Clarioun,
And spedilie spurrit ouir the bent,
Lyke Mars, the God Armipotent.
Thus leif we rydand our Squyar,
And speik of Maister Talbart mair ;
Quhilk gat vp airlie, in the morrow,
And no maner of geir to borrow,—
Hors, Harnes, Speir, nor Scheild,—
Bot was ay reddie for the Feild ;
And had sic practik into weir,
Of our Squyer he tuik na feir.
And said vnto his companȝeoun,
Or he come furth of his Pauilȝeoun :
This nicht I saw, into my dreame,—
Quhilk to reheirs I think greit shame,—
Me thocht I saw cum, fra the See,
Ane greit Otter, rydand to me,
The quhilk was blak, with ane lang taill,
And cruellie did me assaill,
And bait me till he gart me bleid,
And drew me backwart fra my steid.
Quhat this suld mene I can not say ;
Bot I was neuer in sic ane fray.
His fellow said : think ȝe not schame
For to gif credence till ane dreame ?
ȝe knaw it is aganis our Faith.
Thairfoir, go dres ȝow in ȝour graith,
And think weill, throw ȝour hie courage,

This day ȝe sall wyn vassalage. valour.
Than drest he him into his geir, He equipped
Wantounlie, like ane Man of weir, himself,
Quhilk had baith hardines and fors, and leaped
And lichtlie lap vpon his hors. on his horse,
His hors was bairdit full brauelie, who was adorned
And couerit wes, richt courtfullie, with embroidery
With browderit wark and veluot grene. and green velvet.
Sanct Georges Croce thair micht be sene, S. George was
On Hors, Harnes, and all his geir. his patron.
Than raid he furth, withouttin weir, As he rode forth,
Conuoyit with his Capitane with his
And with monie ane Inglisman, attendants, the
Arrayit, all, with Armes bricht: sight was a fair
Micht no man see ane fairer sicht. one to behold.
Than clariounis and trumpettis blew, The signal was
And weiriouris monie hither drew. given to move;
On euerie side come monie Man, and a crowd
To behald quha the Battell wan. drew near to see,
The feild wes in the Medow grene, in a green
Quhair euerie man micht weill be sene. meadow.
The Heraldis put thame sa in ordour, The heralds
That no man passit within the bordour; protect the
Nor preissit to cum within the grene, champions from
Bot Heraldis and the Campiounis kene. the press,
The ordour and the circumstance and arrange
Wer lang to put in remembrance. preliminaries.
Quhen thir twa nobill Men of weir When all was
Wer weill accowterit in thair geir, ready, on the
And in thair handis strang burdounis, sounding of
Than Trumpotis blew & Clariounis; trumpets and
And Heraldis cryit hie on hicht, clarions,
Now let thame go. God shaw the richt! proclamation was
Than spedilie thay spurrit thair hors, made to begin.
And ran to vther, with sic fors, They rushed at
That baith thair speiris in sindrie flaw. each other,
furiously; and the

by-standers applauded their skill.

Than said they all, that stude on raw :
Ane better cours than they twa ran
Was not sene sen the warld began :
Than baith the parties wer rejoisit.

They rest, and are supplied with new spears.

The Campiounis ane quhyle repoisit;
Till thay had gottin speiris new.

Then the trumpets again blew, and the champions charged each other impetuously.

Than with triumph the trumpettis blew ;
And they, with all the force thay can,
Wounder rudelie at aither ran,
And straik at vther with sa greit Ire,
That fra thair Harnes flew the Fyre.

Both were overthrown, with horses and all.

Thair Speiris war sa teuch & strang,
That aither vther to Eirth doun dang.
Baith hors & man, with Speir and scheild,
Than flatlingis lay into the feild.

Thereat Talbart was much abashed, and would die or be revenged.

Than Maister Talbart was eschamit :
Forsuith, for euer I am defamit ;
And said this : I had rather die,
Without that I reuengit be.

The Squire jumps up, and mounts his horse.

Our 3oung Squyer—sic was his hap—
Was first on fute ; and on he lap
Upon his hors, without support.

Seeing this, the Scots are enheartened.

Of that the Scottis tuke gude comfort,
Quhen thay saw him sa feirelie
Loup on his Hors sa gal3eardlie.

The Squire lifts his visor, and drinks wine, with thanks.

The Squyer liftit his Uisair
Ane lytill space, to take the Air.
Thay bad him wyne ; and he it drank,
And humillie he did thame thank.

Talbart remounts, and challenges the Squire to run for his lady's sake.

Be that, Talbart on Hors mountit,
And of our Squyer lytill countit,
And cryit, gif he durst vndertak
To ryn anis for his Ladies saik.

Meldrum is ready to fight

The Squyer answerit hie on hicht :
That sall I do, be Marie bricht.
I am content all day to ryn,

Till ane of vs the honour wyn.
Of that Talbart was weill content;
And ane greit Speir in hand he hent.
The Squyer in his hand he thrang
His Speir, quhilk was baith greit & lang,
With ane sharp heid of grundin steill,
Of quhilk he was appleisit weill.
That plesand Feild was lang and braid,
Quhair gay ordour and rowme was maid,
And euerie man micht haue gude sicht.
And thair was monie weirlyke Knicht;
Sum man of euerie Natioun
Was in that Congregatioun.
Than Trumpettis blew triumphantlie;
And thay twa Campiounis egeirlie
Thay spurrit *th*air hors, with speir on breist;
Pertlie to preif thair pith thay preist:
That round, rinkroume wes at vtterance.
Bot Talbartis Hors, with ane mischance,
He outterit, and to ryn was laith;
Quhairof Talbart was wonder wraith.
The Squyer furth his rink he ran,—
Commendit weill with euerie man,—
And him dischargit of his speir,
Honestlie lyke ane Man of Weir.
Becaus that rink thay ran in vane,
Than Talbart wald not ryn agane,
Till he had gottin ane better steid,—
Quhilk was brocht to him with gude speid,—
Quhairon he lap, and tuik his speir,
As brym as he had bene ane Beir,
And bowtit fordwart, with ane bend,
And ran on to the Rinkis end,
And saw his hors was at command.
Than wes he blyith, I vnderstand,
Traistand na mair to ryn in vane.

till one or other wins.
Talbart took his spear;
and the Squire tossed his,
well pleased with it.
It was a pleasant plain and spacious; and the spectators were various.
The trumpets sounded, and the champions prepared for a run.
Talbart's horse balked.
The Squire was more fortunate with his courser.
Talbart must have another horse, on which he leaped, fierce as a beir, tried him, and found him tractable.
He was encouraged.

They again dashed at each other, and, with a crash, encountered.

Than all the Trumpettis blew agane;
Be that, with all the force they can,
Thay richt rudelie at vther ran.
Of that meiting ilk man thocht wounder,
Quhilk soundit lyke ane crak of thunder.
And nane of thame thair marrow mist:

The Squire overthrew Talbart, with his horse, and wounded him very severely with his spear.

Sir Talbartis speir in sunder brist;
Bot the Squyer, with his burdoun,
Sir Talbart to the eirth dang doun.
That straik was with sic micht and fors,
That on the ground lay man and hors;
And throw the brydell hand him bair,
And in the breist ane span and mair,
Throw curras and throw gluifis of plait,
That Talbart micht mak na debait:
The trencheour of the Squyeris speir
Stak still into Sir Talbartis Geir.

He was thought dead.

Than euerie man, into that steid,
Did all beleue that he was deid.

The Squire dismounted to his assistance.

The Squyer lap richt haistelie
From his Cursour, deliuerlie,
And to Sir Talbart maid support,
And humillie did him comfort.

Talbart then reads his dream, which he recounts. He will joust no more; and he reminds the Squire of their compact, and will act on it.

Quhen Talbart saw, into his Scheild,
Ane Otter in ane siluer Feild,
This race, said he, I may sair rew,
For I see weill my dreame wes trew.
Me thocht 3one Otter gart me bleid,
And buir me backwart from my steid.
Bot heir I vow to God Souerane,
That I sall neuer Iust agane;
And sweitlie to the Squyer said,
Thow knawis the cunning that we maid:
Quhilk of vs twa suld tyne the Feild
He suld baith Hors and Armour 3eild
Till him that wan: quhairfoir, I will

My Hors and Harnes geue the till.
Than said the Squyer, courteouslie,
Brother, I thank 3ow hartfullie:
Of 3ow, forsuith, nathing I craue;
For I haue gottin that I wald haue.
With euerie man he was commendit,
Sa vail3eandlie he him defendit.
The Capitane of the Inglis band
Tuke the 3oung Squyer be the hand,
And led him to the Pail3eoun,
And gart him mak Collatioun.
Quhen Talbartis woundis wes bund vp fast,
The Inglis Capitane to him past,
And prudentlie did him comfort;
Syne said: Brother, I 3ow exhort
To tak the Squyer be the hand.
And sa he did, at his command,
And said: this bene bot chance of Armes.
With that, he braisit him in his armes,
Sayand: hartlie I 3ow forgeue.
And than the Squyer tuik his leue,
Commendit weill with euerie man;
Than wichtlie on his hors he wan,
With monie ane Nobill man conuoyit.
Leue we thair Talbart, sair annoyit.
Sum sayis, of that discomfitour
He thocht sic schame and dishonour,
That he departit of that Land,
And neuer wes sene into Ingland.
Bot our Squyer did still remane,
Efter the Weir, quhill Peice was tane.
All Capitanes of the Kingis Gairdis
Gaif to the Squyer riche rewairdis:
Becaus he had sa weill debaitit,
With euerie Nobill he wes weill traitit.
Efter the Weir, he tuke licence;

The Squire thanks him, but is already content.
He is applauded, and is honourably entertained.
Talbart is comforted, and is exhorted to shake hands with the Squire.
He complies, embracing and forgiving him.
The Squire takes his leave, commended for having so well acquitted himself.
Some say that Talbart, for shame, withdrew, and never returned to England.
The Squire remained, was richly rewarded, and, for his bravery, well treated.
After the war,

he stayed awhile in Normandy, the fleet being delayed.

Syne, did returne, with diligence,
From Pycardie to Normandie;
And thair ane space remanit he,
Becaus the Nauie of Scotland
Wes still vpon the Coist lyand.

Afterwards he returned to the French Court, and thence, with his troop, eight score picked men, went to visit King Lewis and his companions.

Quhen he ane quhyle had sojornit,
He to the Court of France returnit,
For to decore his vassalege;
From Bartanze tuke his veyage,
With aucht scoir, in his companie,
Of waillit wicht men and hardie,
Enarmit weill, lyke men of Weir,
With Hakbut, Culuering, Pik, and Speir;
And passit vp throw Normandie,
Till Ambiance in Pycardie,
Quhair Nobill Lowes, the King of France,
Wes lyand, with his Ordinance,
With monie ane Prince and worthie man.

The Court of France was then thronged with foreign notables, including Englishmen.

And in the Court of France wes, than,
Ane meruellous Congregatioun
Of monie ane diuers Natioun;
Of Ingland monie ane prudent Lord,
Efter the Weir makand record.

An ambassador was there, with many Scottish knights, whom the English envied and sought to annoy.

Thair wes, than, ane Ambassadour,
Ane Lord, ane man of greit honour:
With him was monie Nobill Knicht
Of Scotland, to defend thair richt,
Quhilk guydit thame sa honestlie,
Inglismen had thame at inuie,
And purposit to mak thame cummer,
Becaus they wer of greiter number.

These English set upon the Scots, and besieged them in a house; and

And sa, quhaireuer thay with thame met,
Upon the Scottis thay maid onset;
And, lyke wyld Lyounis furious,
Thay layd ane seige about the hous,
Thame to destroy, sa thay intendit.

Our worthie Scottis thame weill defendit.
The Sutheroun wes, ay, fywe for ane ;
Sa, on ilk syde, thair wes men slane.
The Inglismen grew in greit Ire,
And cryit, swyith ! set the hous in fyre.
Be that, the Squyer Meldrum
Into the Market streit wes cum,
With his folkis in gude array,
And saw the toun wes in ane fray :
He did inquyre the occasioun.
Quod thay : the Scottis ar all put doun
Be Inglismen into thair Innis.
Quod he : I wald gif all the Bynnis,
That I micht cum or thay departit.
With that, he grew sa cruell-hartit,
That he was like ane wyld Lyoun,
And rudelie ran outthrow the toun,
With all his companie weill arrayit,
And with Baner full braid displayit.
And, quhen thay saw the Inglis rout,
Thay set vpon thame, with ane schout ;
With reird sa rudelie on thame ruschit,
That fiftie to the eirth thay duschit :
Thair was nocht ellis bot tak and slay.
This Squyer wounder did, that day,
And stoutlie stoppit in the stour,
And dang on thame with dintis dour.
Wes neuer man buir better hand :
Thair micht na Buckler byde his brand ;
For it was weill seuin quarter lang.
With that sa derflie on thame dang,
That, lyke ane worthie Campioun,
Ay at ane straik he dang ane doun.
Sum wes cuill hurt ; and sum wes slane ;
Sum fell, quhilk rais not 3it agane.
Quhen that the Sutheroun saw his micht,

many were slain of each party.

A base project.

The Squire appears opportunely on the scene,

and learns what the English are doing.

He hopes he is in time,

and sallies forth, with his company, to the rescue.

The English are attacked and roughly handled.

The Squire was redoubtable in the fray, with his long sword.

One blow from it sufficed for a man ;

and many felt it.

The Southrons

fled aghast; and, but for the French, it would have sped worse with them.

Effrayitlie thay tuke the flicht,
And wist not quhair to flie, for haist:
Thus throw the toun he hes thame chaist.
Wer not Frenchemen come to the redding,
*Th*air had bene mekill mair blude shedding.

When this valorous exploit was known to the King of France, the Squire was put in orders; and he did many a noble deed.

Of this journey I mak ane end,
Quhilk euerie Nobill did commend.
Quhen to the King the cace wes knawin,
And all the suith vnto him shawin,—
How this Squyer sa manfullie
On Sutheroun wan the victorie,—
He put him into ordinance.
And sa he did remane in France,
Ane certane tyme, for his plesour,
Weill estemit in greit honour,
Quhair he did monie ane Nobill deid.

For his courage he was sought in marriage by a great lady; but he would return to Scotland.

With that, richt wantoun in his weid,
Quhen Ladies knew his hie courage,
He was desyrit in Mariage
Be ane Ladie of greit Rent.
Bot ȝouth maid him sa insolent,
That he in France wald not remane,
Bot come to Scotland hame agane.

He was greatly regrettɛd, being admired for his daring.

Thocht Frenche Ladies did for him murne,
The Scottis wer glaid of his returne.
At euerie Lord he tuke his leue;
Bot his departing did thame greiue;
For he was luifit with all wichtis,
Quhilk had him sene defend his richtis.

Well escorted, he made for Dieppe, where he procured a ship for his company, and equipped and provisioned it.

Scottis Capitanes did him conuoy,
Thocht his departing did thame noy.
At Deip he maid him for the saill,
Quhair he furnischit ane gay veschaill,
For his self and his Men of Weir,
With Artailȝie, Hakbut, Bow, and Speir;
And furneist hir with gude victuaill,

With the best wyne that he culd waill.
And, quhen the Schip was reddie maid,
He lay bot ane day in the raid,
Quhill he gat wind of the Southeist.
Than thay thair ankeris weyit on haist,
And syne maid Saill, and fordwart past,
Ane day, at morne; till, at the last,
Of ane greit saill thay gat ane sicht;
And Phœbus schew his bemis bricht,
Into the morning richt airlie.
Than past the Skipper, richt spedelie,
Up to the top, with richt greit feir,
And saw it wes ane Man of Weir,
And cryit: I see nocht ellis, perdie,
Bot we mon outher fecht or fle.
The Squyer wes in his bed lyand,
Quhen he hard tell this new tydand.
Be this, the Inglis Artaillȝe,
Lyke hailschot, maid on thame assaillȝe,
And sloppit throw thair fechting saillis,
And diuers dang out ouir the waillis.
The Scottis agane, with all thair micht,
Of gunnis, than, thay leit fle ane flicht.
That thay micht weill see quhair they wair,
Heidis and armes flew in the Air.
The Scottis Schip scho wes sa law,
That monie gunnis out ouir hir flaw,
Quhilk far beȝond thame lichtit doun.
Bot the Inglis greit Galȝeoun
Fornent thame stude, lyke ane strang castell,
That the Scottis gunnis micht na way faill,
Bot hat hir ay on the richt syde,
With monie ane slop, for all hir pryde,
That monie ane heft wer on thair Bakkis;
Than rais the reik with vglie crakkis,
Quhilk on the Sey maid sic ane sound,

After a short delay, the wind sat for them. Before long they caught sight of a great sail, early one morning. The Captain saw it was a man of war, and was much alarmed. The Squire hears the news. The ship, which is English, rakes them with a broadside, which is returned, with dire effect. Luckily, the Scottish ship lay low. The English galleon suffered sorely from the Scottish artillery. From the booming of the

guns people on shore knew that a battle was going forward.

That in the Air it did redound,
That men micht weill wit, on the land,
That shippis wer on the Sey fechtand.

The two ships grappled; and

Be this, thegyder straik the shippis,
And ather on vther laid thair clippis;
And than began the strang battell.

then began a fierce contest, with divers weapons, terrible in its result.

Ilk man his marrow did assaill:
Sa rudelie thay did rushe togidder,
That nane micht hald thair feit for slidder:
Sum with halbert, and sum with speir;
Bot hakbuttis did the greitest deir.
Out of the top the grundin dartis
Did diuers peirs outthrow the hartis.

Every man did his best; and blood flowed freely.

Euerie man did his diligence
Upon his fo to wirk vengence;
Ruschand on vther routtis rude,
That ouir the waillis ran the blude.

The English Captain tells the Scots to yield, or die.

The Inglis Capitane cryit hie,
Swyith! 3eild 3ow, doggis, or 3e sall die;
And, do 3e not, I mak ane vow,
That Scotland salbe quyte of 3ow.

The Squire answers him fearlessly.

Than peirtlie answerit the Squyar,
And said: O tratour Tauernar,
I lat the wit, thow hes na micht
This day to put vs to the flicht.

The fighting continues; and the Squire leaps into the English ship, and knocks down the Captain.

Thay derflie ay at vther dang:
The Squyer thristit throw the thrang,
And in the Inglis schip he lap,
And hat the Capitane sic ane flap
Upon his heid, till he fell doun,
Welterand intill ane deidlie swoun.

At this, the Scots leave their ship, follow him, and attack the

And, quhen the Scottis saw the Squyer
Had strikkin doun that rank Reuer,
They left thair awin schip standand waist,
And in the Inglis schip, in haist,
They followit, all, thair Capitane;

And sone wes all the Sutheroun slane.
Howbeit thay wer of greiter number,
The Scottismen put thame in sic cummer,
That thay wer fane to leif the Feild,
Cryand mercie, than did thame ȝeild.
Ȝit wes the Squyér straikand fast
At the Capitane; till, at the last,
Quhen he persauit no remeid,
Outher to ȝeild, or to be deid,
He said: O gentill Capitane,
Thoill me not for to be slane.
My lyfe to ȝow salbe mair pryse
Nor sall my deith, ane thowsand syse:
For ȝe may get, as I suppois,
Thrie thowsand Nobillis of the Rois
Of me and of my companie:
Thairfoir, I cry ȝow loud mercie.
Except my lyfe, nothing I craif:
Tak ȝow the schip and all the laif.
I ȝeild to ȝow baith sword and knyfe;
Thairfoir, gude Maister, saue my Lyfe.
The Squyer tuik him be the hand,
And on his feit he gart him stand,
And treittit him richt tenderly,
And, syne, vnto his men did cry,
And gaif to thame richt strait command,
To straik no moir, bot hald thair hand.
Than baith the Capitanes ran and red;
And so thair wes na mair blude shed.
Than all the laif thay did thame ȝeild,
And to the Scottis gaif sword and sheild.
Ane Nobill Leiche the Squyer had,—
Quhairof the Inglismen wes full glaid,—
To quhome the Squyer gaif comman l
The woundit men to tak on hand:
And so he did, with dilig nce,

Southrons, though surpassing themselves in number.

The Squire was getting the better of the Captain, who, tempting his adversary with rich promise of gold, begged for mercy. He would give up ship and all, for his life.

The Squire lifted him up, and gave order to cease fighting; and the fighting ceased, in favour of the Scots.

The Squire's leech was directed to look after the wounded;

and he was recompensed.

812 Quhairof he gat gude recompence.
Than, quhen the woundit men wer drest,
And all the deand men confest,
And deid men cassin in the See,—
816 Quhilk to behald wes greit pietie,—
Thair was slane, of Inglis band,
Fyue scoir of men, I vnderstand,—
The quhilk wer cruell men and kene,—
820 And of the Scottis wer slane fyftene.
And, quhen the Inglis Capitane
Saw how his men wer tane and slane,
And how the Scottis, sa few in number,
824 Had put thame in sa greit ane cummer,
He grew intill ane frenesy,
Sayand: fals Fortoun, I the defy;
For I beleuit, this day at morne,
828 That he was not in Scotland borne,
That durst haue met me, hand for hand,
Within the boundis of my brand.
The Squyer bad him mak gude cheir,
832 And said, it wes bot chance of Weir.
Greit Conquerouris, I sow assure,
Hes hapnit sielike aduenture:
Thairfoir, mak mirrie, and go dyne,
836 And let vs preif the michtie wyne.
Sum drank wyne, and sum drank Aill;
Syne, put the shippis vnder saill,
And waillit furth of the Inglis band
840 Twa hundreth men, and put on land,
Quyetlie, on the Coist of Kent;
The laif in Scotland with him went.
The Inglis Capitane, as I ges,
844 He wairdit him in the Blaknes,
And treitit him richt honestlie,
Togither with his companie,
And held thame in that Garnisoun,

The wounded, dying, and dead disposed of, it was found that five score English were slain, and fifteen of Scots.

The English Captain, seeing this upshot, went into a frenzy, defied Fortune, and thought better of his former opinion of the Scots.

The Squire cheered him as best he could, and proposed dinner and wine.

They drank, and set sail; some of the English being landed in Kent, while others went to Scotland.

The English Captain was imprisoned, with his company, till he paid their

Till thay had payit thair Ransoun. ransom.
Out throw the land than sprang the fame, The Squire,
That Squyer Meldrum wes cum hame. returned with
Quhen thay hard tell how he debaitit, fame, was well
With euerie man he was sa treitit, treated and
That, quhen he trauellit throw the land, banquetted
Thay bankettit him fra hand to hand, t' roughout the
With greit solace; till, at the last, land.
Out throw Straitherne the Squyer past. Travelling, once,
And, as it did approch the nicht, towards night he
Of ane Castell he gat ane sicht, espied a castle,
Beside ane Montane, in ane vaill; where he found
And than, efter his greit trauaill, hospitable
He purpoisit him to repois, reception.
Quhair ilk man did of him rejois.
Of this triumphant plesand place The castle
Ane lustie Ladie wes Maistres, belonged to a lady whose lord
Quhais Lord was deid schort tyme befoir, had lately died,
Quhairthrow hir dolour wes the moir. to her grief.
Bot ȝit scho tuke sum comforting, Yet she showed
To heir the plesant dulce talking interest in the
Of this ȝoung Squyer, of his chance, Squire's account
And how it fortunit him in France. of his adventures.
This Squyer and the Ladie gent After supper, he
Did wesche, and then to supper went. went on talking
During that nicht thair was nocht ellis
Bot for to heir of his Nouellis. as before.
Eneas, quhen he fled from Troy, Aeneas did not
Did not Quene Dido greiter Ioy, please Dido more
Quhen he in Carthage did arryue, than the Squire
And did the seige of Troy diseryue. the lady,
The wonderis that he did reheirs with his
Wer langsum for to put in vers, wondrous
Of quhilk this Ladie did rejois. exploits.
Thay drank, and syne went to repois.
He fand his Chalmer weill arrayit The Squire was

well housed, and fed with good meat and drink; and he fared bravely.

The lady tells him he is welcome; and he thanks her.

They played games; and then the Squire escorted her to her bedroom, and went to his own.

But he could not sleep a wink; for Cupid had pierced his heart; and he made his moan to Venus, complaining that, just before free, he had been then captive.

If she only knew his mind!

He wished himself back in France, rather than subject to one careless of him.

The lady overhears the Squire lewailing himself,

With dornik work on buird displayit.
Of Uenisoun he had his waill,
Gude Aquavite, Wyne, and Aill,
With nobill Confeittis, Bran, and Geill;
And swa the Squyer fuir richt weill.
Sa, to heir mair of his narratioun,
This Ladie come to his Collatioun,
Sayand he was richt welcum hame.
Grandmercie! than, quod he, Madame.
Thay past the time with Ches and Tabill;—
For he to euerie game was abill;—
Than vnto bed drew euerie wicht;
To Chalmer went this Ladie bricht,
The quhilk this Squyer did conuoy;
Syne, till his bed he went, with Ioy.
That nicht he sleipit neuer ane wink,
Bot still did on the Ladie think;
Cupido, with his fyrie dart,
Did peirs him so out throw the hart.
Sa all that nicht he did bot murn it;
Sum tyme sat vp, and sumtyme turnit,
Sichand with monie gant and grane,
To fair Venus makand his mane,
Sayand: Ladie, quhat may this mene?
I was ane fre man lait ȝistrene,
And now ane catiue bound and thrall
For ane that I think Flour of all.
I pray God sen scho knew my mynd,
How, for hir saik, I am sa pynd.
Wald God I had bene ȝit in France,
Or I had hapnit sic mischance,
To be subject or seruiture
Till ane quhilk takis of me na cure!
This Ladie ludgit neirhand by,
And hard the Squyer priuely,
With dreidfull hart makand his mone,

With monie cairfull gant and grone.
Hir hart fulfillit with pietie,
Thocht scho wald haif of him mercie,
And said: howbeit I suld be slane,
He sall haue lufe for lufe agane.
Wald God I micht, with my honour,
Haue him to be my Paramour!
This wes the mirrie tyme of May,
Quhen this fair Ladie, freshe and gay,
Start vp, to take the hailsum Air,
With pantonis on hir feit ane pair,
Airlie into ane cleir morning,
Befoir fair Phœbus vprysing,
Kirtill alone, withouttin Clok;
And saw the Squyeris dure vnlok.
Scho slippit in, or euer he wist,
And fenzeitlie past till ane kist,
And with hir keyis oppinnit the Lokkis,
And maid hir to take furth ane Boxe:
Bot that was not hir erand thair.
With that, this lustie zoung Squyar
Saw this Ladie so plesantlie
Cum to his Chalmer quyetlie,
In Kyrtill of fyne Damais broun,
Hir goldin traissis hingand doun.
Hir Pappis wer hard, round, and quhyte,
Quhome to behald wes greit delyte.
Lyke the quhyte lyllie wes hir lyre;
Hir hair was like the reid gold wyre;
Hir schankis quhyte withouttin hois,
Quhairat the Squyer did rejois.
And said, than: now, vailze quod vailze,
Upon the Ladie thow mak ane sailze.
Hir Courlyke Kirtill was vnlaist,
And sone into his armis hir braist,
And said to hir: Madame, gudemorne!

determines
that he shall
have love
for love,
and sighs
for him.
She gets up, the
sun not yet risen,
puts on her
slippers, and sees
that the Squire's
door is unlocked.
She slips into his
room, and,
as a pretext,
opens a chest, to
take out a box.
He sees
her come
quietly into
his bedroom,
scans her
unconcealed
charms with
great relish,
and grows
amorous.
As she is he clasps
her, wishes her
good-morrow,

and will die, unless she relieves him.

Help me, 3our man that is forlorne.
Without 3e mak me sum remeid,
Withouttin dout I am bot deid;
Quhairfoir, 3e mon releif my harmes.

He talks, and makes all secure.

With that, he hint hir in his armes,
And talkit with hir on the flure;
Syne, quyetlie did bar the dure.

She pretends to have a scruple.

Squyer, quod scho, quhat is 3our will?
Think 3e my womanheid to spill?
Na, God forbid! it wer greit syn:
My Lord and 3e wes neir of Kyn.

She would get a dispensation, and then marry him, quite agreeable to her.

Quhairfoir, I mak 3ow supplicatioun,
Pas, and seik ane dispensatioun;
Than sall I wed 3ow with ane Ring;
Than may 3e leif at 3our lyking:
For 3e ar 3oung, lustie, and fair,
And, als, 3e ar 3our Fatheris Air.

She praises him, and proposes terms for his becoming her husband.

Thair is na Ladie, in all this land,
May 3ow refuse to hir Husband;
And, gif 3e lufe me as 3e say,
Haist to dispens the best 3e may;
And thair to 3ow I geue my hand,
I sall 3ow take to my Husband.

He would ever serve her, but is impatient.

Quod he: quhill that I may indure,
I vow to be 3our seruiture;
Bot I think greit vexatioun
To tarie vpon dispensatioun.

They kiss and embrace.

Than in his armis he did hir thrist,
And aither vther sweitlie kist;
And wame for wame thay vther braissit:

Cupid enters their hearts; and the twain proceed, in due

With that, hir Kirtill wes vnlaissit.
Than Cupido, with his fyrie dartis,
Inflammit sa thir Luiferis hartis,
Thay micht na maner of way dissouer,
Nor ane micht not part fra ane vther;
Bot, like wodbind, thay wer baith wrappit.

Thair tenderlie he hes hir happit, course, to
Full softlie vp, intill his Bed : natural
Iudge ȝe gif he hir schankis shed. extremities ;
Allace ! quod scho, quhat may this mene ? she covering her eyes with
And with hir hair scho dicht hir Ene. her hair.
I can not tell how thay did play ; Her solace was
Bot I beleue scho said not nay. such that he
He pleisit hir sa, as I hard sane, was welcome
That he was welcum ay agane. ever after.
Scho rais, and tenderlie him kist, She rises,
And on his hand ane Ring scho thrist ; kisses him
And he gaif hir ane lufe drowrie, tenderly, and they
Ane Ring set with ane riche Rubie, exchange token
In takin that thair Lufe for euer of constancy.
Suld neuer frome thir twa disseuer.
And than scho passit vnto hir Chalmer, She returns to
And fand hir madiunis, sweit as Lammer, her room, and
Sleipand full sound ; and nothing wist finds her maids
How that thair Ladie past to the Kist. still sleeping.
Quod thay : Madame, quhair haue ȝe bene ! Where had she
Quod scho : *into* my Gardine grene, been ?
To heir thir mirrie birdis sang : In the garden,
I lat ȝow wit, I thocht not lang, where the time
Thocht I had taryit thair quhill None. passed swiftly.
Quod *thai* : quhair wes ȝour hois & schone ? Why did she go
Quhy ȝeid ȝe with ȝour bellie bair ? out in undress ?
Quod scho : the morning wes sa fair :
For, be him that deir Iesus sauld, Because she did
I felt na wayis ony maner of cauld. not feel it cold.
Quod thay : Madame, me think ȝe sweit. Why was she
Quod scho : ȝe see I sufferit heit ; so moist ?
The dew did sa on flouris fleit, From the heat and
That baith my Lymmis ar maid weit : from the dew.
Thairfoir ane quhyle I will heir ly, She will lie and
Till this dulce dew be fra me dry. dry herself.
Ryse, and gar mak our denner reddie. They are to go

about their work.

1028 That salbe done, quod thay, my Ladie.
Efter that scho had tane hir rest,
Sho rais, and in hir Chalmer hir drest,
And, efter Mes, to denner went.

She rests, rises, dresses, goes to Mass, and appears.

The Squire proceeds with his stories.

1032 Than wes the Squyer diligent
To declair monie sindrie storie
Worthie to put in Memorie.
Quhat sall we of thir Luiferis say,

The lovers turn to good account this pleasant May, undetected.

1036 Bot, all this tyme of lustie May,
They past the tyme with Ioy and blis,
Full quyetlie, with monie ane kis!
Thair was na Creature that knew
1040 ȝit of thir Luiferis Chalmer glew.
And sa he leuit, plesandlie,
Ane certane time, with his Ladie;
Sum time with halking and hunting,
1044 Sum time with wantoun hors rinning,
And, sum time, like ane man of weir,
Full galȝardlie wald ryn ane speir.

The Squire makes some stay, diverting himself in various ways.

He was an adept at all manner of games.

He wan the pryse abone thame all,
1048 Baith at the Buttis and the Futeball.
Till euerie solace he was abill,
At cartis, and dyce, at Ches, and tabill:
And, gif ȝe list, I sall ȝow tell
Of a siege. 1052 How that he seigit ane Castell.

A courier comes, and tells that Macfarlane has seized her castle, and ravaged the country.

Ane Messinger cõne spedilie,
From the Lennox to that Ladie,
And schew how that Makfagon,
1056 And with him monie bauld Baron,
Hir Castell had tane perfors,
And nouther left hir kow nor hors,
And heryit all that land about;

In fear, she goes to the Squire, and tells him what has befallen.

1060 Quhairof the Ladie had greit dout.
Till hir Squyer scho passit in haist,
And schew him how scho wes oppreſt,
And how he waistit monie ane myle

Betuix Dunbartane and Argyle.
And, quhen the Squyer Meldrum
Had hard thir Nouellis, all and sum,
Intill his hart thair grew sic Ire,
That all his bodie brint in fyre;
And swoir it suld be full deir sald,
Gif he micht find him in that hald.
He and his men did them addres,
Richt haistelie, in thair Harnes;
Sum with bow, and sum with speir.
And he, like Mars, the God of weir,
Come to the Ladie, and tuke his leif;
And scho gaif him hir richt hand gluif,
The quhilk he on his basnet bure,
And said: Madame, I 3ow assure,
That worthie Lancelot du laik
Did neuer mair, for his Ladies saik,
Nor I sall do, or ellis de,
Without that 3e reuengit be.
Than in hir armes scho him braist;
And he his leif did take in haist,
And raid that day, and all the nicht,
Till, on the morne, he gat ane sicht
Of that Castell, baith fair and strang.
Than, in the middis, his men amang,
To michtie Mars his vow he maid,
That he suld neuer in hart be glaid,
Nor 3it returne furth of that land,
Quhill that strenth wer at his command.
All the Tennentis of that Ladie
Come to the Squyer haistelie,
And maid aith of fidelitie,
That they suld neuer fra him flie.
Quhen to Makferland, wicht and bauld,
The veritie, all haill, wes tauld,
How the 3oung Squyer Meldrum's

On learning this news, the Squire warms with wrath, and declares himself ready for all hazards.

He and his men arm themselves.

He takes leave of the lady, who gives him her right glove; and he promises, that, even at the cost of his life, she shall be revenged.

She embraces him; and he rides all that day, and all the night, before he comes in sight of the castle.

In the midst of his men, he swears to Mars never to be happy, nor to leave the land, till the castle yields to him.

The lady's tenants flock to him, and make oath to stand by him to the last.

Macfarlane, hearing of the Squire's coming

with intent to besiege the fortress, victuals it, resolved to defend it to the death.

Wes now into the Cuntrie cum,
Purpoisand to seige that place,
Than vittaillit he thar Fortres,
And swoir he suld that place defend,
Bauldlie, vntill his lyfis end.

The Squire makes preparations for action.

Be this, the Squyer wes arrayit,
With his Baner bricht displayit,
With culuering, hakbut, bow, and speir.

He demands of Macfarlane to surrender.

Of Makfarland he tuke na feir;
And, like ane Campioun courageous,
He cryit and said: gif ouir the hous.

Macfarlane refuses, declaring that he will stay where he is.

The Capitane answerit, heichly,
And said: tratour, we the defy:
We sall remane this hous within,
Into despyte of all thy kyn.

His men discharge their arrows at the Squire's band.

With that, the Archeris, bauld and wicht,
Of braid arrowis let fle ane flicht
Amang the Squyeris companie;

The volley is returned, with good result.

And thay, agane, richt manfullie,
With Hakbute, Bow, and Culueryne,
Quhilk put Makferlandis men to pyne;

Then follows a sharp fight; and many are slain on each side.

And on thair colleris laid full sikker,
And thair began ane bailfull bikker:
Thair was bot schot and schot agane,
Till, on ilk side, thair wes men slane.

The Squire calls for scaling-ladders, which are set up and mounted.

Than cryit the Squyer couragious:
Swyith! lay the ledderis to the hous.
And sa thay did, and clam, belyfe,
As busie Beis dois to thair hyfe.

The castle is entered; and the Squire plants his banner on the wall.

Howbeit thair wes slane monie man,
3it wichtlie ouir the wallis they wan.
The Squyer, formest of them all,
Plantit the Baner ouir the wall;

The fighting still goes on.

And than began the mortall fray:
Thair wes not ellis bot tak and slay.

Macfarlane yields,

Than Makferland, that maid the prai-

From time he saw the Squyeris face,
Vpon his kneis he did him ȝeild,
Deliuerand him baith speir and scheild.
The Squyer hartlie him ressauit,
Commandand that he suld be sauit:
And sa did slaik that mortall feid,
Sa that na man wes put to deid.
In fre waird was Makferland seisit,
And leit the laif gang quhair they pleisit.
And sa this Squyer amorous
Seigit and wan the Ladies hous,
And left thairin ane Capitane;
Syne, to Stratherne returnit agane,
Quhair that he with his fair Ladie
Ressauit wes full plesantlie,
And to tak rest did him conuoy:
Iudge ȝe gif thair wes mirth and Ioy.
Howbeit the Chalmer dure wes cloisit,
They did bot kis, as I suppois it:
Gif vther thing wes them betwene,
Let them discouer, that Luiferis bene;
For I am not in Lufe expart,
And neuer studyit in that art.
Thus they remainit in merines,
Beleifand neuer to haue distres.
In that meine time, this Ladie fair
Ane douchter to the Squyer bair:
Nane fund wes fairer of visage.
Than tuke the Squyer sic courage,
Agane the mirrie time of May,
Threttie he put in his Luferay,—
In Scarlot fyne, and of hew grene,
Quhilk wes ane semelie sicht to sene.
The gentilmen, in all that land,
Wer glaid with him to mak ane band;
And he wald plainelie tak thair partis,

and gives up to
the Squire his
spear and shield.
The Squire spares
his life; and
there is no more
bloodshed.
All but
Marfarlane are
let go.
The Squire leaves
a captain in
charge of the
castle, and
returns to
Stratherne,
where the fair
lady received
him most
graciously.
How far they
carried their
rejoicing let
lovers discover;
for I am
unstudied in the
art of such.
So their
happiness
continued.
The lady bore
the Squire a
daughter, of the
comeliest.
Against the
merry time of
May, he put
thirty of his
men in livery,
scarlet and green,
seemly to behold.
All the gentry
were fain of his
friendship, he
wishing only

their good will; and so he lived pleasantly.

And not desyring bot thair hartis.
Thus leuit the Squyer plesandlie,
With Musick and with Menstralie.

He and the lady, whom he loved much, consoled each other, awaiting the dispensation.

Of this Ladie he wes sa glaid,
Thair micht na sorrow mak him sad:
Ilk ane did vther consolatioun,
Taryand vpon dispensatioun.

But it was mismanaged; and the end was sore grief.

Had it cum hame, he had hir bruikit;
Bot, or it come, it wes miscuikit:
And all this game he bocht full deir,
As ȝe at lenth sall efter heir.

Joy leads to sorrow.

Of warldlie Ioy it wes weill kend,
That sorrow bene the fatall end;

Jealousy and envy pursued him; and, consequently, he had many a quarrel, but yet always defended his honour.

For Ielousie and fals Inuie
Did him persew richt cruellie,—
I meruell not thocht it be so;
For they wer, euer, Luiferis fo:—
Quhairthrow he stude in monie ane stour,
And ay defendit his honour.

A cruel knight, who lived hard by, envied the Squire, aimed to part the lovers, and wished the lady to marry some one else.

Ane cruell Knicht dwelt neir hand by,
Quhilk at this Squyer had Inuy;
Imaginand, intill his hart,
How he thir Luiferis micht depart,
And wald haue had hir maryand
Ane gentilman, within his land,
The quhilk to him wes not in blude:

She, however, refused.

Bot, finallie for to conclude,
Thairto scho wald neuer assent.

So the knight resolved to kill the Squire, and swore that one or other of them should die.

Quhairfoir, the Knicht set his Intent
This nobill Squyer for to destroy,
And swore he suld neuer haue Ioy
In till his hart, without remeid,
Till ane of thame wer left for deid.

The Squire was quite prepared for a

This vailȝeand Squyer manfully
In ernist or play did him defy,
Offerand him self for to assaill,

Bodie for bodie, in battaill.
The Knicht thairto not condiscendit,
Bot to betrais him ay intendit.
Sa it fell, anis vpon ane day,
In Edinburgh, as I hard say:
This Squyer and the Ladie trew
Was thair, just matteris to persew.
That cruell Knicht, full of Inuy,
Gart hald on them ane secreit Spy,
Quhen thai suld pas furth of the toun,
For this Squyeris confusioun,
Quhilk traistit no man suld him greiue,
Nor of tressoun had no beleiue.
And tuik his licence from his Oist,
And liberallie did pay his Coist,
And sa departit, blyith and mirrie,
With purpois to pas ouir the Ferrie.
He wes bot auchtsum in his rout;
For of danger he had no dout.
The Spy come to the Knicht, anone,
And him informit how they wer gone.
Than gadderit he his men in hy,
With thrie scoir in his company,
Accowterit weill in feir of weir,—
Sum with bow, and sum with speir,—
And on the Squyer followit fast,
Till thay did see him, at the last,
With all his men richt weill arrayit,
With cruell men nathing effrayit.
And, quhen the Ladie saw the rout,
God wait gif scho stude in greit dout.
Quod scho: 3our enemeis I see;
Thairfoir, sweit hart, I reid 3ow fle:
In the cuntrey I will be kend:
3e ar na partie to defend.
3e knaw 3one Knichtis crueltie,

duel with him;
but the knight preferred treachery.
One day the Squire and the lady chanced to go to Edinburgh.
The cruel knight, full of envy, set a spy, to watch when they should pass out of the town.
The Squire departed, suspecting nothing, with purpose to cross the ferry.
His party was of eight.
The spy notified their starting.
The knight collected his men, —three score, and armed with bows or spears,—gave chase, and at last came in sight of the Squire and his dauntless band.
The lady was alarmed.
She advises the Squire to take to flight, overmatched, from the cruel knight;

since he sought her alone.
She would soon find her way to him.
He replies, declining to turn his back.
He draws his sword, disposes his men, and encourages them.
The knight demands the lady.
If not given up, he will seize her.
The Squire calls on him, if a knight, to fight with him single-handed.
Beaten, he will give up the lady.
The knight will not venture.
A contest was inevitable.
He looks to heaven, commends his cause to God, and prepares for work.
He and his company dash forward, courageously.
The Squire

That in his hart hes no mercie.
It is bot ane that thay wald haue ;
Thairfoir, deir hart, 3our self 3e saue.
Howbeit thay tak me with this trane,
I salbe sone at 3ow agane :
For 3e war neuer sa hard staid.
Madame, quod he, be 3e not raid ;
For, be the halie Trinitie,
This day ane fute I will not fle.
And, be he had endit this word,
He drew ane lang twa-handit sword,
And put his aucht men in array,
And bad that thay suld tak na fray.
Than to the Squyer cryit the Knicht,
And said : send me the Ladie bricht.
Do 3e not sa, be Goddis Croce,
I sall hir tak away perforce.
The Squyer said : be thow ane Knicht,
Cum furth to me, and shaw the richt,
Bot hand for hand, without redding,
That thair be na mair blude shedding :
And, gif thow winnis me in the feild,
I sall my Ladie to the 3eild.
The Knicht durst not, for all his land,
Fecht with this Squyer hand for hand.
The Squyer than saw no remeid,
Bot outher to fecht or to be deid.
To heuin he liftit vp his visage,
Cryand to God, with hie courage :
To the my querrell I do commend :
Syne, bowtit fordwart, with ane bend.
With countenance baith bauld and stout,
He rudelie rushit in that rout ;
With him, his litill companie,
Quhilk them defendit manfullie.
The Squyer, with his birneist brand,

Amang his fa-men maid sic hand,
That Gaudefer, as sayis the Letter,
At Gadderis Ferrie faucht no better.
His sword he swappit sa about,
That he greit roum maid in the rout;
And, like ane man that was dispairit,
His wapoun sa on thame he wairit,
Quhome euer he hit, as I hard say,
Thay did him na mair deir, that day.
Quha euer come within his boundis,
He chaipit not but mortall woundis.
Sum mutilate wer, and sum wer slane,
Sum fled, and come not 3it agane.
He hat the Knicht abone the breis,
That he fell fordwart on his kneis:
Wer not Thome Giffard did him saue,
The Knicht had sone bene in his graue.
Bot than the Squyer, with his brand,
Hat Thomas Giffard on the hand:
From that time furth, during his lyfe,
He neuer weildit sword nor knyfe.
Than come ane sort, as brim as beiris,
And in him festnit fyftene speiris,
In purpois to haue borne him doun:
Bot he, as forcie Campioun,
Amang thai wicht men wrocht greit wounder;
For all thai speiris he schure in sunder.
Nane durst cum neir him, hand for hand,
Within the boundis of his brand.
This worthie Squyer courageous
Micht be compairit to Tydeus,
Quhilk faucht for to defend his Richtis,
And slew of Thebes fyftie Knichtis.
Rolland, with Brandwell, his bricht brand,
Faucht neuer better, hand for hand;
Nor Gawin, aganis Golibras;

acquitted himself manfully with his bright sword.
He hewed about him, making great gaps; and no one that he struck did him any more harm that day.
A blow from him was death.
His execution was terrible.
He knocks the knight to his knees.
Tom Giffard interposes,
who gets a blow, from the Squire, on the hand, disabling it for life.
A crowd of fifteen assault him with spears; but he hews all their weapons in two.
None durst attack him singly.
For his courage, the Squire may be compared with Tydeus of Thebes.
None of the famous knights of

romance ever fought better than he fought on that day; and this, Sirs, I undertake to prove, with your leave.

Nor Olyuer, with Pharambras.
I wait he faucht, that day, als weill
As did Sir Gryme aganis Graysteill.
And I dar say, he was als abill
As onie Knicht of the round Tabill,
And did his honour mair auance
Nor onie of thay Knichtis, perchance;
The quhilk I offer me to preif,
Gif that ȝe pleis, Sirs, with ȝour leif.

The knights aforesaid fought man for man, by compact; but the Squire always had five against him.

Amang thay Knichts wes maid ane band,
That they suld fecht bot hand for hand,
Assurit that thair suld cum no mo.
With this Squyer it stude not so;
His stalwart stour quha wald discryfe,
Aganis ane man thair come, ay, fyfe.

The cruel tyrant knight, seeing the Squire so hard to kill, falls into a great passion.

Quhen that this cruell tyrane Knicht
Saw the Squyer sa wounder wicht,
And had no micht him to destroy,
Into his hart thair grew sic noy,
That he was abill for to rage,
That no man micht his Ire asswage.

He and his men will be accounted craven, if the Squire escapes. He must not escape.

Fy on vs! said he to his men:
Ay aganis ane, sen we ar ten,
Chaip he away, we ar eschamit;
Like cowartis, we salbe defamit.
I had rather be in hellis pane,
Or he suld chaip fra vs vnslane.

Three men are sent to his rear. There they hack at him, the cowards; and he falls on his knees.

And callit thrie of his companie,
Said: pas behind him, quyetlie.
And sa thay did, richt secreitlie,
And come behind him, cowartlie,
And hackit on his hochis and theis,
Till that he fell vpon his kneis.

Even in that plight, he wields his sword effectively, not

ȝit, quhen his schankis wer schorne in sunder,
Vpon his kneis he wrocht greit wounder;
Sweipand his sword round about,

Not haifand of the deith na dout.
Durst nane approche within his boundis,
Till that his cruell mortall woundis
Bled sa, that he did swap in swoun;
Perforce behuifit him, than, fall doun.
And, quhen he lay vpon the ground,
They gaif him monie cruell wound,
That men on far micht heir the knokkis,
Like boucheouris hakkand on thair stokks.
And, finallie, without remeid,
They left him lyand thair, for deid,
With ma woundis of sword and knyfe
Nor euer had man that keipit lyfe.
Quhat suld I of thir tratouris say?
Quhen they had done, they fled away.
Bot than this lustie ladie fair,
With dolent hart, scho maid sic cair,
Quhilk wes greit pietie for to reheirs,
And langsum for to put in vers.
With teiris scho wuische his bludie face,
Sichand with manie loud allace.
Allace! quod scho, that I was borne!
In my querrell thow art forlorne.
Sall neuer man, efter this hour,
Of my bodie haue mair plesour;
For thow was gem of gentilnes,
And werie well of worthines.
Than to the eirth scho rushit doun,
And lay intill ane deidlie swoun.
Be that, the Regent of the land
Fra Edinburgh come fast rydand:
Sir Anthonie Darsie wes his name,
Ane Knicht of France, and man of fame,
Quhilk had the guiding, haillilie,
Vnder Iohne, Duke of Albanie,
Quhilk wes to our young King Tutour,

fearing death.
From loss of blood, he falls down, fainting.
Even then his adversaries continued their attack on him.
There they left him, wounded as never man was that survived.
Then they fled away.
The lady thereupon bewails herself with bitter grief.
She weeps over him, and laments that she had been born.
No more lovers for her, after him!
Then she falls into a swoon.
Directly the Regent came riding from Edinburgh, to the rescue.
He was then a man of great

authority; under the King, five years of age.

1388 And of all Scotland Gouernour.
Our King was bot fyue ȝeiris of age,
That time quhen done wes the outrage.

He was distressed to see the Squire in such a condition.

Quhen this gude Knicht the Squyer saw,
1392 Thus lyand in till his deid thraw,
Wo is me! quod he, to see this sicht
On the, quhilk worthie wes and wicht.

He wished he had been with the Squire, as the Squire was with him once in Picardie.

Wald God that I had bene with the,
1396 As thow in France was anis with me,
Into the land of Picardy,
Quhair Inglis men had greit Inuy
To haue me slane,—sa they intendit;—
1400 Bot manfullie thow me defendit,
And vailȝeandlie did saue my lyfe.

Never was there seen a better fighter than he against the Southrone.

Was neuer man, with sword nor knyfe,—
Nocht Hercules, I dar weill say,—
1404 That euer faucht better for ane day.
Defendand me within ane stound,
Thow dang seir Sutheroun to the ground.

He will do what he can, in following up the knight; he will cast him into prison, and strike off his head.

I may the mak no help, allace!
1408 Bot I sall follow on the chace,
Richt spedilie, baith day and nicht,
Till I may get that cruell Knicht.
I mak ane vow, gif I may get him,
1412 In till ane Presoun I sall set him;
And, quhen I heir that thow beis deid,
Than sall my handis straik of his heid.

So saying, he departs, and comes up with the knight, whom he valorously takes captive, sends back, and consigns to prison

With that, he gaue his hors the spurris,
1416 And spedelie flaw ouir the furris:
He and his Gaird, with all thair micht,
They ran, till thai ouirtuik the Knicht.
Quhen he approchit, he lichtit doun,
1420 And, like ane vailȝeand Campioun,
He tuik the Tyrane presonar,
And send him backward to Dumbar;
And thair remainit in presoun,

Ane certane time, in that Dungeoun.
Let him ly thair, with mekill cair;
And speik we of our heynd Squyar,
Of quhome we can not speik bot gude.
Quhen he lay bathand in his blude,
His freindis and his Ladie fair
They maid for him sic dule and cair,
Quhilk wer greit pietie to deploir:
Of that matter I speik no moir.
Thay send for Leiches, haistelie;
Syne, buir his bodie, tenderlie,
To ludge into ane fair ludgyne,
Quhair he ressauit medicyne.
The greitest Leichis of the land
Come, all, to him, without command,
And all practikis on him prouit,
Becaus he was sa weill belouit.
Thay tuik on hand his life to saue;
And he thame gaif quhat they wald haue.
Bot he sa lang lay into pane,
He turnit to be ane Chirurgiane;
And, als, be his naturall ingyne,
He lernit the Art of Medicyne.
He saw thame on his bodie wrocht,
Quhairfoir the Science wes deir bocht.
Bot, efterward, quhen he was haill,
He spairit na coist, nor ȝit trauaill,
To preif his practikis on the pure,
And on thame preuit monie ane cure,
On his expensis, without rewaird:
Of Money he tuik na regaird.
ȝit sum thing will ye commoun mair
Of this Ladie, quhilk maid greit cair,
Quhilk to the Squyer wes mair pane
Nor all his woundis, in certane.
And than hir freindis did conclude,

for a time.
Leaving him, let
us return to the
Squire.
His friends and
the lady were in
great grief at his
case, in short.
Doctors were
summoned;
and he was
lodged and
medicined.
Every remedy
was tried, so
greatly was he
beloved.
No expense was
spared.
The length of his
own cure
converted him
into a chirurgeon.
He bought his
skill dearly.
Afterwards, when
made whole, he
practised
medicine for
behalf of the
poor, but quite
regardless
of recompence.
Something
further of the
lady, which
pained the Squire
more
than all his
wounds.
Her friends

would send her home; and home she went.

1460 Becaus scho micht do him na gude,
That scho suld take hir leif and go
Till hir cuntrie; and scho did so.

The lovers never met again; and she was married against her will.

Bot thir luiferis met neuer agane,
1464 Quhilk wes to thame ane lestand pane;
For scho, aganis hir will, wes maryit,
Quhairthrow hir weird scho daylie waryit.

Still, her heart was constantly with the Squire.

Howbeit hir bodie wes absent,
1468 Hir tender hart wes ay present,
Baith nicht and day, with hir Squyar.

Never did any woman of story pine more for the loss of her lover.

Wes neuer Creature that maid sic cair:
Penelope for Vlisses,
1472 I wait, had neuer mair distres;
Nor Cresseid for trew Troylus
Wes not tent part sa dolorous.

She left him reluctantly.

I wait it wes aganis hir hart
1476 That scho did from hir Lufe depart.

Helen did not grieve more.

Helene had not sa mekill noy,
Quhen scho perforce wes brocht to Troy.

Let us return to the Squire.

I leif hir, than, with hart full sore,
1480 And speik now of this Squyer more.

Once again recovering, the Squire complained to the Regent; but he was soon afterwards slain,

Quhen this Squyer wes haill & sound,
And softlie micht gang on the ground,
To the Regent he did complane;
1484 Bot he, allace! wes richt sone slane
Be Dauid Hume, of Wedderburne,
The quhilk gart monie Frenchemen murne;

—most noble, valiant, and wise.

For thair was nane mair nobill Knicht,
1488 Mair vailȝeand, mair wyse, mair wicht.

The knight was then set at liberty; and so the matter was left unredressed.

And, sone efter that crueltie,
The Knicht was put to libertie,
The quhilk the Squyer had opprest:
1492 Sa wes his matter left vndrest.

The king being young, tyrants ruled.

Becaus the King was ȝoung of age,
Than tyrannis rang, into thair rage.

At last he was

Bot, efterward, as I hard say,

On Striuiling brig, vpon ane day,
This Knicht wes slane with crueltie,
And that day gat na mair mercie
Nor he gaif to the ȝoung Squyar.
I say na mair: let him ly thair:
For cruell men, ȝe may weill see,
They end, ofttimes, with crueltie.
For Christ to Peter said this word,
Quha euer straikis with ane sword,
That man salbe with ane sword slane:
That saw is suith, I tell ȝow plane.
He menis, quha straikis cruellie,
Aganis the Law, without mercie.
Bot this Squyer to nane offendit,
Bot manfullie him self defendit.
Wes neuer man, with sword nor knyfe,
Micht saif thair honour and thair lyfe,
As did the Squyer, all his dayis,
With monie terribill effrayis.
Wald I at lenth his lyfe declair,
I micht weill writ ane vther quair.
Bot, at this time, I may not mend it,
Bot shaw ȝow how the Squyer endit.
Thair dwelt in Fyfe ane agit Lord,
That of this Squyer hard record,
And did desire, richt hartfullie,
To haue him in his companie;
And send for him with diligence.
And he come with obedience,
And lang time did with him remane,
Of quhome this agit Lord was fane;—
Wyse men desiris, commounlie,
Wyse men into thair companie;—
For he had bene in monie ane Land,
In Flanderis, France, and in Ingland;
Quhairfoir the Lord gaif him the cure

slain ruthlessly, and got no more mercy than he had shown to the Squire.
The cruel often meet a like end.
This is according to what Christ declared to S. Peter,
which applies to those who use the sword against the law.
The Squire was none such.
It was for his honour and his life that he fought.
To cut short his history, I will tell how it ended.
An aged lord, in Fife, hearing of the Squire, sent for him, to be his companion.
He came and stayed, well-liked;
—the wise affect the wise,—for the nobleman was travelled.
The Squire was

placed over the nobleman's household.

He was a courtier, and also knew the law; and he was a just judge,

befriending the poor.

Also, he showed himself a benefactor, from his knowledge of medicine; and, as a leech, he wrought many a cure, without thought of reward.

Pelf he valued not at all.

His honour was all to him.

Once a year he gave a great banquet, in memory of his lady; and it lacked no good thing in meat or drink.

Thereto came lords, ladies, knights, and squires; and

1532 Of his houshald, I ȝow assure,
And, in his Hall, cheif Merschall,
And auditour of his comptis all.
He was ane richt Courticiane,
1536 And in the Law ane Practiciane;
Quhairfoir, during this Lordis lyfe,
Tchyref depute he wes in Fyfe,—
To euerie man ane equall Iudge,—
1540 And of the pure he wes refuge,
And with Iustice did thame support,
And curit thair sairis with greit comfort;
For, as I did reheirs before,
1544 Of Medicine he tuke the Lore.
Quhen he saw the Chirurgience
Vpon him do thair diligence,
Experience maid him perfyte;
1548 And of the Science tuke sic delyte,
That he did monie thriftie cure,
And, speciallie, vpon the pure,
Without rewaird for his expensis,
1552 Without regaird or recompencis.
To gold, to siluer, or to rent,
This Nobill Squyer tuke litill tent.
Of all this warld na mair he craifit,
1556 Sa that his honour micht be saifit.
And, ilk ȝeir, for his Ladies saik,
Ane Banket Royall wald he maik;
And that he maid on the Sonday
1560 Precedand to Asch wednisday,
With wyld foull, venisoun, and wyne,
With tairt, and flam, and frutage fyne:
Of Bran and Geill thair wes na skant;
1564 And Ipocras he wald not want.
I haue sene sittand at his Tabill,
Lordis and Lairdis honorabill,
With Knichtis & monie ane gay Squyar,—

Quhilk wer to lang for to declair,—
With mirth, Musick, and menstrallie.
All this he did for his Ladie,
And, for hir saik, during his lyfe,
Wald neuer be weddit to ane wyfe.
And, quhen he did declyne to age,
He faillit neuer of his courage.
Of ancient storyis for to tell,
Abone all vther he did precell;
Sa that euerilk Creature
To heir him speik thay tuke plesure.
Bot all his deidis honorabill
For to descryue I am not abill.
Of euerie man he was commendit,
And, as he leiuit, sa he endit;
Plesandlie, till he micht indure,
Till dolent deith come to his dure,
And cruellie, with his mortall dart,
He straik the Squyer throw the hart.
His saull, with Ioy Angelicall,
Past to the Heuin Imperiall.
Thus, at the Struther, into Fyfe,
This nobill Squyer loist his lyfe.
I pray to Christ for to conuoy
All sic trew Luiferis to his Ioy.
Say ȝe Amen! for Cheritie.
Adew! ȝe sall get na mair of me.

there were music and merriment.
For his lady's sake, he never took him a wife.
To the last he was brave.
He talked well; and all listened to him with pleasure.
But I describe him feebly.
He was commended of every one; and, as he lived, so he died, when his time came.
His soul went to Heaven.
He died at Struther, in Fyfe.
Christ save all true lovers!
Say Amen!
I have done.

FINIS.

The Testament

OF THE NOBILL AND VAILȝEAND SQVYER,

Williame Meldrum,

OF THE BYNNIS.

COMPYLIT BE

Sir Dauid Lyndesay of the Mont, &c.

THE Holie man Iob, ground of pacience,
In his greit trubill trewlie did report,—
Quhilk I persaue, now, be Experience,—
Life is fleeting. That mennis lyfe, in eirth, bene wounder short.
My ȝouth is gane; and eild now dois resort:
My time is gane; I think it bot ane dreame:
ȝit efter deith remane sall my gude fame.

I persaue shortlie that I man pay my det:
To me in eirth no place bene permanent:
My hart on it no mair now will I set,
I make my testament. Bot, with the help of God omnipotent,
With resolute mind, go mak my Testament,
And tak my leif at cuntriemen and kyn,
And all the warld: and thus I will begyn.

Thrie Lordis to me salbe Executouris,—
Lindesayis, all thrie, in surname of renoun:
Of my Testament thay sall haue hail the cure,
I name my executors: To put my mind till executioun.
That Surname failȝeit neuer to the Croun;
Na mair will thay to me, I am richt sure,
Quhilk is the caus that I giue them the cure.

First, Dauid, Erll of Craufuird, wise & wicht;
And Iohne, Lord Lindesay, my maister special.
The thrid salbe ane nobill trauellit Knicht,
Quhilk knawis the coistis of Feistis funeral: three noble Lindesays.
The wise Sir Walter Lindesay they him cal,
Lord of S. Iohne, and Knicht of Torfichane,
Be sey and land ane vailȝeand Capitane.

Thocht age hes maid my bodie impotent,
ȝit in my hart hie courage doeth precell;
Quhairfoir, I leif to God, with gude intent,
My spreit, the quhilk he hes maid immortell, My soul I leave to God;
Intill his Court perpetuallie to dwell,
And neuir moir to steir furth of that steid,
Till Christ discend & judge baith quick & deid.

I ȝow beseik, my Lordis Executouris,
My geir geue till the nixt of my kynrent.
It is weill kend, I neuer tuik na cures
Of conquessing of riches nor of Rent: my wealth, to my next of kin.
Dispone as ȝe think maist expedient.
I neuer tuik cure of gold more than of glas.
Without honour, fy, fy vpon Riches!

I ȝow requeist, my freindis, ane and all,
And nobill men, of quhome I am descendit,
Faill not to be at my feist funerall,
Quhilk throw the warld, I traist, salbe commendit. Let my friends come to my funeral.
ȝe knaw how that my fame I haue defendit,
During my life, vnto this latter hour,
Quhilk suld to ȝow be infinit plesour.

First, of my Bowellis clenge my bodie clene,
Within & out; syne, wesche it weill with wyne,—
Bot honestie see that nothing be sene;— Disembowel

and coffin me.

Syne, clois it in ane coistlie caruit schryne
Of Ceder treis, or of Cyper fyne:
Anoynt my corps with Balme delicious,
With Cynamome, and Spycis precious.

In twa caissis of gold and precious stanis
Inclois my hart and toung, richt craftelie:
My sepulture, syne, gar mak for my banis,

Bury me in the Temple of Mars.

Into the Tempill of Mars, triumphandlie,
Of marbill stanis caruit richt curiouslie,
Quhairin my Kist and banis ȝe sall clois,
In that triumphand Tempill to repois.

Mars, Venus, and Mercurius, all thre
Gaue me my natural inclinatiounis,
Quhilk rang the day of my natiuitie;

My temperament.

And sa thair heuinlie constellatiounis
Did me support in monie Natiounis.
Mars maid me hardie like ane feirs lyoun,
Quhairthrow I conqueist honour & renoun.

Quho list to knaw the actis Bellical,
Let thame go reid the legend of my life:
Thair sall thai find the deidis martiall,

To Mars present my body;

How I haue stand, in monie stalwart strife,
Victoriouslie, with speir, sheild, sword, & knife:
Quhairfoir, to Mars, the God Armipotent,
My corps incloisit ȝe do till him present.

Mak offering of my toung Rhetoricall
Till Mercurius, quhilk gaif me eloquence,
In his Tempill to hing perpetuall:

to Mercury, my tongue;

I can mak him na better recompence;
For, quhen I was brocht to the presence
Of Kings, in Scotland, Ingland, & in France,
My ornate toung my honour did auance.

To fresche Venus my hart ȝe sall present,
Quhilk hes to me bene, ay, comfortabill:
And in my face sic grace scho did imprent,
All creatures did think me amiabill. to Venus, my heart.
Wemen to me scho maid sa fauorabill,
Wes neuer Ladie that luikit in my face,
Bot honestlie I did obtene hir grace.

My freind Sir Dauid Lyndsay of *the* Mont
Sall put in ordour my Processioun.
I will that thair pas formest in the front,
To beir my Penseil, ane wicht Campioun; Let arquebusiers attend me,
With him, ane band of Mars his Religioun,—
That is to say, in steid of Monkis & Freiris,
In gude ordour, ane thowsand hagbutteris.

Nixt them, ane thowsand futemen, in ane rout,
With speir & sheild, with buckler, bow, & brand,
In ane Luferay, ȝoung stalwart men & stout. with foot-soldiers and cavalry.
Thridlie in ordour, thair sall cum ane band
Of nobill men, abill to wraik thair Harmes,—
Thair Capitane with my standart in his hand,—
On bairdit hors, ane hundreth men of Armes.

Amang that band my baner salbe borne,
Of siluer schene, thrie Otteris into sabill,
With tabroun, trumpet, clarioun, and horne,
For men of Armes verie conuenabill. Exhibit my banner and helmet,
Nixt efter them, ane Campioun honorabill
Sall beir my basnet with my funerall;
Syne efter him, in ordour triumphall,

My armiṅg sword, my gluifis of plait, & sheild,
Borne be ane forcie Campioun, or ane Knicht
Quhilk did me serue in monie dangerous feild; and all my

fighting gear;

Nixt efter him, ane man in armour bricht,
Vpon ane Ionet or ane cursour wicht,—
The quhilk salbe ane man of greit honour,
Vpon ane speir to beir my coit armour.

Syne, nixt my Beir sall cum my Corspresent,—
My bairdit hors, my harnes, and my speir,
With sum greit man of my awin kynrent,

and a mortuary for Mars.

As I wes wont on my bodie to beir,
During my time, quhen I went to the weir;
Quhilk salbe offerit, with ane gay garment,
To Mars, his Preist, at my Interrement.

Duill weidis I think hypocrisie & scorne,
With huidis heklit doun ouirthort thair ene.
With men of armes my bodie salbe borne:

Let there be gay colours;

Into that band see that no blak be sene:
My Luferay salbe reid, blew, and grene;
The reid for Mars, the grene for freshe Venus,
The blew for lufe of God Mercurius.

About my beir sall ryde ane multitude,
All of ane Luiferay of my cullouris thrie;

let laurel-branches be carried;

Erles and Lordis, Knichtis, and men of gude:
Ilk Barroun beirand, in his hand, on hie,
Ane Lawrer branche, in signe of victorie;
Becaus I fled neuer out of the feild,
Nor 3it, as presoner, vnto my fois me 3eild.

Agane, that day, faill not to warne and call
All Men of Musick and of Menstrallie
About my Beir, with mirthis Musicall,

and be there dancing and singing.

To dance and sing with Heuinlie harmonie,
Quhais plesant sound redound sall in the skye.
My spreit, I wait, salbe with mirth & Ioy;
Quhairfoir, with mirth my corps 3e sal conuoy.

This beand done, and all thing reulit richt,
Than plesantlie mak ȝour progressioun,
Quhilk, I beleif, salbe ane plesant sicht.
Se that ȝe thoill na Preist in my Processioun,
Without he be of Venus Professioun:
Quhairfoir, gar warne all Venus chapel clarks,
Quhilk hes bene most exercit in hir warkis.

Let priests of Venus assist;

With ane Bischop of that Religioun,
Solemnitlie gar thame sing my saull mes,
With organe, Timpane, Trumpet, & Clarion,
To shaw thair Musick dewlie them addres:
I will, that day, be hard no heuines.
I will na seruice of the Requiem,
Bot Alleluya, with melodie and Game.

and her Bishop sing Mass.

Efter the Euangell and the Offertour,
Throw all the Tempill gar proclame silence;
Than to the Pulpet gar ane Oratour
Pas vp, and schaw, in oppin audience,
Solempnitlie, with ornate eloquence,
At greit laser, the legend of my life,
How I haue stand in monie stalwart strife.

An orator is to laud me.

Quhen he hes red my buik fra end till end,
And of my life maid trew narratioun,
All creature, I wait, will me commend,
And pray to God for my saluatioun.
Than, efter this Solempniȝatioun
Of seruice, and all brocht to end,
With grauitie, than, with my bodie wend,

All will pray for my salvation.

And clois it vp into my Sepulture,—
Thair to repois till the greit Iudgement,—
The quhilk may not corrupt, I ȝow assure,
Be vertew of the precious oyntment

Then bury my body,

not to corrupt.

Of Balme, and vther Spyces redolent.
Let not be rung for me, that day, saull knellis;
Bot greit Cannounis gar them crak, for bellis.

Ane thousand hakbuttis gar schute al at anis,
With swesche, talburnis, & trumpettis, awfullie:
Lat neuer spair the poulder nor the stanis,
Let salutes be fired.
Quhais thundring sound redound sall in the sky;
That Mars may heir, quhair he, triumphandlie,
Abone Phebus, is situate, full euin,
Maist awfull God, vnder the sternie heuin.

And, syne, hing vp, aboue my sepulture,
My bricht harnes, my scheild, & als my speir,
Togidder with my courtlie Coit armour,
Over my tomb hang up my arms;
Quhilk I wes wont vpon my bodie beir,
In France, in Ingland, being at the weir;
My Baner, Basnet, with my Temperall,
As bene the vse of feistis funerall.

This beand done, I pray 3ow tak the pane
My Epitaphe to writ, vpon this wyis,
Abone my graue, in goldin letteris fyne:
and write my epitaph.
The maist inuincibill weiriour heir lyis,
During his time quhilk wan sic laud & pryis,
That throw the heuinis sprang his nobil fame:
Victorious William Meldrum wes his name.

Adew! my Lordis; I may na langer tarie:
My Lord Lindesay, adew! abone all vther.
I pray to God, and to the Virgine Marie,
Adieu! all Lindesays.
With 3our Lady to leif lang in the Struther.
Maister Patrik, with 3oung Normond, 3our brother,
With my Ladies, 3our sisteris, al, adew!
My departing, I wait weill, 3e will rew.

Bot, maist of all, the fair Ladies of France,
Quhen thai heir tell, but dout, that I am deid,
Extreme dolour wil change thair countenance,
And, for my saik, will weir the murning weid.
Quhen thir nouellis dois into Ingland spreid,
Of Londoun, than, the lustie ladies cleir
Will, for my saik, mak dule and drerie cheir.

The ladies will regret me.

Of Craigfergus my dayis darling, adew!
In all Ireland of feminine the flour.
In 3our querrell twa men of weir I slew,
Quhilk purposit to do 3ow dishonour.
3e suld haue bene my spous and paramour,
With Rent and riches for my recompence,
Quhilk I refusit, throw 3outh and insolence.

Adieu! maid of Craigfergus.

Fair weill! 3e Lemant Lampis of lustines
Of fair Scotland: adew! my Ladies all.
During my 3outh, with ardent besines,
3e knaw how I was in 3our seruice thrall.
Ten thowsand times adew! aboue thame all,
Sterne of Stratherne, my Ladie Souerane,
For quhom I sched my blud with mekill pane!

Adieu! ladies of Scotland.

3it, wald my Ladie luke, at euin and morrow,
On my Legend at lenth, scho wald not mis
How, for hir saik, I sufferit mekill sorrow.
3it, giue I micht, at this time, get my wis,
Of hir sweit mouth, deir God, I had ane kis.
I wis in vane: allace! we will disseuer.
I say na mair: sweit hart, adew for euer!

Above all, Star of Stratherne, adieu!

Brether in Armes, adew, in generall!
For me, I wait, 3our hartis bene full soir.
All trew compan3eounis, into speciall,
I say to 3ow, adew, for euermoir,

True friends, adieu, till we

Gnede, niggardly, sparing, or *be-gnede*, begrudge.

Grylle, p. 4, l. 103.

And ȝef hyre herte therto *grylle*.

Explained 'sorrowful, fearful.' It should be *shudder*, be horrified at. Chaucer speaks of 'weders *grylle*,' i. e. shuddery, cold, raw. Fr. *griller*, to shiver with impatience.—H. W.

Heringyng, p. 22, l. 694, harrying? plundering? (or miswritten for *harming*), not 'hearing,' as in Gloss.—E. G.

Hodymoke, ? 'Secresy: see *Hodelnesse* in Partenay, and *hode*, to hide, *moke*, to hoard, in Jamieson.'—Skeat.

Laske is rather 'relax, mitigate.'—Skeat.

Layne (& Lay, p. 58, l. 1904,—for *away* read *awayne*—), concealment, *not* reward.

Lydȝate, p. 46, l. 1497, not 'Lychgate.' Wright (*Obs. & Prov. Dict.*) gives *Lidgitts*, gates set up at the end of villages and elsewhere to prevent the cattle from straying upon the arable lands. *Linc.* Ihre, Gloss. Suio-Goth. *Lid*, porta, hodie *Led*; and *Led*, hodie usurpatur non nisi de portâ tumultuariâ, ex transversim junctis perticis confectâ. In Sussex, the barricades to the passages into the forests were called "gates," "hatches," and "*lids*," and many places retain names from them, e. g. Fay Gate, Trucker's Hatch, Warning*lid*.—E. G.

Lyth is first the A.S. *liþ*, joint.

Nyste is *nicety*, *niceté*, folly, from the old French '*niceté*, niaiserie, sottise, imbécillité.'—Skeat.

Reuabulle, reasonable, p. 34, l. 1120. This word, as well as 'rannable, runnable,' is still in constant use in Norfolk.—E. G. 'Moost *reuable* of tonge.' *Vis. of P. Pl.* vol. i. p. 16, ed. Wright.—Skeat.

Rowe, p. 14, l. 447.

"Amonge hys seyntes to give me *rowe*."

Explained 'row, order,' in Gloss.; but surely it is G. *ruhe*, Dan. *ro*, peace.—H. W.

Sarre, comp. more sorely.

Seyntwary, p. 11, l. 330. The "sanctuary" in Norfolk till very recently meant, not the whole churchyard, but simply that portion in which interments usually took place. There was in large churchyards an unused portion, and there was a prejudice against being buried in it. Usually it was the north side; but at Runham and some other places, where the principal entrance to the church is on the north, it was the south side.—E. G.

Slegh, prudent, wary.

Warren, not *curse*, p. 23 (not 24), l. 756. *Werne*, p. 26, l. 841. Both these words, I think, are "warn" in the old signification: to forbid, refuse, prohibit. See "noon warned," none refused, in old municipal regulations.—E. G. *Warren* is 'curse;' *werne*, 'refuse.'—Skeat.

Weyletes, p. 23, l. 748. Not from A.S. *lad*, but more immediately from A.S. *gelǽte*. Indeed, in the A.S. Gospels, Matt. xxii. 9, διεξόδους τῶν ὁδῶν (cross-ways, not *high*ways) is correctly rendered *wege-gelætum*. So the B. & F. Bible Society's Icelandic version, 1867, renders it "*gatnamotum*," while the Copenhagen edition, 1807, has "*strætinn*." In Norfolk we call four crossways a *four-relect*, and we have even *three-relects* and *five-relects*. Here the *r* must be put in from the analogy of four-releet. See Mayer and Wright's Vocabularies, p. 37. Compita = *weg gelæta*, and p. 53, Trivium = *wege-læton*. In some parts of England the channel for conveying water to a wheel is called a "*mill-leat*."—E. G.

Weynt, p. 37, l. 1214, seems only another spelling of *queynt* or *I-queynt*, quenched, l. 1194.—Skeat.

Wringe, l. 892 (not 891), to wriggle.

Ȝore, of yore, long ago.

'*Þoukes*, thoughts,' is '*þy þonkes*,' of thine own will, wilfully. p. 40, l. 1317-18. Cp. "Si quis ex ebrietate vel ex satietate eucharistiam evomuerit, xl dies jejunet." Ecgbert's Canons, iv. 45; *Anglo-Saxon Laws*, vol. ii. p. 219.

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